

EMINENT DIVINE UNDER BIG CLOUD

Rev. Norman Plass About to Be Tried for Gross Fraud in Using the U. S. Mails

BOSTON, Mass., May 27.—Arrangements have been practically completed for the trial, next week, before Judge Dodge in the United States district court in this city of the Rev. Norman Plass, former president, Charles H. Brooks, treasurer, and John L. Traphagen, assistant treasurer of the Redeemable Investment company, upon the charge of using the mails in a scheme to defraud. United States District Attorney Asa P. French will have charge of the prosecution in person, and the defendants will be represented by the Hon. Samuel J. Elder as senior counsel, John P. Feehey and Francis M. Carroll.

The Redeemable Investment company, which is said to have been a "get rich quick" concern with many victims, principally in the east, was organized about four years ago by the Rev. Mr. Plass and several Boston promoters and business men. In the literature which the company sent out liberally throughout the country it was stated that it controlled, as a holding company, mining, farm and timber properties in the northwest of the United States and in British Columbia.

Offices Are Raided. After the federal authorities had received several complaints from alleged victims of the company, an investigation was made and on October 13, 1910, federal officials made a raid upon the elegantly furnished offices of the concern, confiscated the books and papers of the company and arrested Chas. H. Brooks, treasurer and manager. At that time the Rev. Mr. Plass was on his way to British Columbia and it was not until three weeks later that he returned voluntarily and surrendered to the United States marshal. Upon his arrival in Boston he stated that he had resigned as president of the company two months before and at the preliminary hearing he pleaded not guilty to the charge of fraudulently using the mails.

The unusual interest in the case, not only in this city but throughout the country, is due to the fact that the principal defendant, the Rev. Norman Plass, is well known in widest circles as a clergyman and educator. He was born at Claverack, N. Y., May 4, 1860, and came from Dutch stock. He studied at the Lutheran Academy, graduated from Williams college with the degree of A. B. in 1882 and with the degree of A. M. in 1885. In the following year he graduated from Yale Divinity school as a B. D. and obtained his degree of D. D. from Williams college in 1894. In June, 1894, he married Jessie Charlotte Wheeler and two years later he was ordained to the Congregational ministry. He held important pastorates at Detroit, Mich., Lincoln, Neb., Medina and Cincinnati, O., and Barrington, R. I. He was state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league of Rhode Island and New York from 1897 to 1899 and agent of the Congregational National Home Mission society in 1900. Then he became professor of "Gospel and Christian Evidence in Washburn College, Topeka, Kas., and in 1902 he was elected president of that college, a position which he held until 1908, when he resigned and embarked in business, organizing the Redeemable Investment Co. Rev. Plass enjoyed quite a reputation as a preacher and educator, was for many years a member of numerous scientific, religious, educational and economic societies and won some distinction as the author of several books and a number of sermons and addresses.

MASS FOR VETERANS. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27.—Cardinal Gibbons will conduct the military mass for the civil and Spanish war veterans on the white house ellipse tomorrow. President Taft and members of the cabinet will be in attendance and will review the parade of veterans.

BUST OF TOM MOORE. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27.—An heroic bronze bust of Tom Moore, the Irish poet, was unveiled in the Corcoran Art Gallery this afternoon on the eve of the 123rd anniversary of his birth. The bust is intended to commemorate the memorial visit which the poet paid to this city in 1804.

Three thousand and six hundred singers will take part in the Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund in Milwaukee in June.

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What a Little Girl Did In the War

BY MARY MARSHALL.

Every old soldier has his favorite story—some tale of the war that, as the years pass by and the Memorial Days come and go—he remembers over all the other incidents and episodes of the campaigns he has been through. Strangely enough the favorite story of one brave old soldier, General Nathan Bedford Forrest, had to do not with soldiers, nor drummer boys, nor horses, nor cannons, but with a young girl.

This young girl was named Emma Sanson and she lived in a humble farm house in Georgia fifty years ago. Emma's brother, whom she loved and admired more than any one else in the world, had entered the army of the Confederacy. Other farmers' sons as young as Emma's brother had entered the army, and this seemed right enough to Emma, but to have her dear brother, her playmate, and school fellow, go off alone to the cruel war seemed more than Emma could stand.

"Never mind, little sister," the brave young soldier said, as he kissed Emma goodbye. "The war will soon be over and we boys probably won't see any real fighting. Cheer up, Sis; you know you wouldn't like it if I were a cowardly stay at home."

Emma tried to smile, but really and truly her little heart almost broke at the parting.

Well, the war went on, as you know, and Sanson was soon engaged in desperate enough warfare, and before many weeks had passed word came that he had been taken captive by the Northern forces. Little Emma didn't dare ask what this meant, but she knew from the way people looked when they talked about it that she would probably never see her brother again in the world.

If the young soldier could have seen his sister he would have been prouder of her than ever, for while her heart was almost breaking with grief, she tried to keep up her spirits and look as great an fighter as ever in the cause for which he had given up everything to see.

One day, not long after Sanson's capture, Emma heard with delight from a neighbor that the brave General Forrest was close upon the enemy's heels, and though she knew that this would probably not help her brother it would mean encouragement for the cause he was serving.

General Forrest had been pursuing the enemy all day, said the report that was circulated around the country side, and might any minute be upon them. The general and his army might even pass near the Sanson farm, she said.

Emma was all excitement as she went about her work that sunny morning. She heard a clatter of horses' hoofs coming down the road and, dropping her work, she hurried out to see what was the matter. She stood on the little porch in front of her house, peering excitedly down the road, and before she could catch her breath what seemed to her like a whole army of cavalry was stopping before her house.

Emma's mother by this time had been attracted to the door and Emma, recognizing the uniform of the Confederate soldiers ran down to see what she could do for them.

It was General Forrest, then a fine, stalwart man of about forty, who headed the men, and, leaning from his saddle, asked Emma whether there were any food or passage of any sort across the swift-running creek that flowed not far from Emma's house.

As Emma answered the general her bright young eyes took in the unusual scene before her. The brave general before her, with his legs carelessly resting across the pommel of the saddle, and around him his staff of dusty, weary soldiers, some of them, as they stopped actually dozing in their saddles from the fatigue of the long march—it was enough to interest the little girl whose thoughts were ever with her soldier brother.

The general told Emma briefly that they had been pursuing the enemy and were hot on their heels, till just now when they had discovered that the Northerners had burned the bridge which he was going to cross on his pursuit. The banks of the stream were so steep and wild that they could not cross on horseback and it would take valuable time to get the men across by boat.

"I know the way to a small, hidden ford, through the woods, a mile or more away," said Emma. "It is hard to find."

The general had no time to spare. "Come, my child," he said gently. "Come mount behind me, and lead us to it. I cannot afford to miss it."

Emma, with eyes sparkling with excitement and eagerness turned to her mother and gave her a look of entreaty.

The mother quite naturally hesitated to let her little girl ride off with the soldiers, but Emma insisted.

"Mother," she begged, "I am not afraid to trust myself with the brave General Forrest."

"But folks will think it queer," objected the mother. "The neighbors will say I shouldn't have let you go off alone."

In spite of these objections Emma could see that her mother admired her pluck and with a hurried farewell Emma started to mount behind the general. There was a fallen tree near the road and, without stopping for hat or wraps, she jumped upon this and told the general she was ready. He drew his horse near to this improvised mounting block and, reaching down with his strong arm,

lifted her up behind him in his saddle.

Away went Emma behind the brave general, riding at the head of the galloping horses. She tingled from head to foot with excitement and pleasure. What would her brother say when he heard of it? He would hear of it, thought Emma as she rode along, even if he never saw his little sister again.

From time to time as they rode on Emma would tell the general which way to turn, and just as she directed he and all his men would go. They rode through briars and brambles, across swamps where the horses sank up to their knees and across pebbly streams.

Just then Emma heard a hissing whistle in the air.

"What was that, General Forrest?" she asked eagerly.

"Bullets," said the general calmly.

"Are you afraid?"

"No!" said Emma, and indeed she wasn't, for as she rode behind the brave general it seemed as if nothing could harm her. But the general feared more than did Emma, for with his keen sight he had spied the Northern sharpshooters, dodging from tree to tree on a ridge, at no very great distance across the creek.

Now the way to the ford lay through the densest sort of undergrowth, but the little girl who had ranged through this wild country often with her brother, was not for a second uncertain of the way. After they had gone a few paces General Forrest saw that he could not proceed any farther on horseback. He had the utmost confidence that Emma was leading him the right way and he was determined to continue as he directed. So he gave orders for his men to halt, and then, dismounting, hitched his own horse to a tree and told Emma that she would have to lead him the rest of the way on foot.

At first Emma took firm hold of the general's hand to lead him through the thicket and then, hearing another hissing bullet pass near by, she stepped in front of the general.

"They wouldn't fire on a girl," she said, "so if I take the lead we will surely be safe."

The general smiled in spite of the danger, but instead of taking the lead himself, he walked along with Emma behind him to tell him which way to turn. Presently they came to the ford—a broad place in the creek where the water was shallow enough for the horses to pass over without danger of losing their footing.

The general scanned the opening with a critical eye, and then silently he returned with Emma to his waiting men. Then he remounted with Emma, who insisted on staying by his side, and ordered his men to advance with him and clear the road. In a wonderfully short time the work was completed and then with splendid military order that made Emma's heart beat with pride, the brave general led his entire command across the ford, her foot, Emma called it, unharmed and unscratched.

Emma's services as a guide were at an end, and before the general would go on to pursue the enemy he insisted on sending one of his horsemen back home with her through the road they had cleared so speedily.

"And now my brave young lady, what may I do for you to repay you in part for the invaluable services you have done me and the army I serve?" General Forrest had no idea that Emma would have any request to make, but he asked her as a matter of courtesy.

Emma looked up at him with eager eyes and said:

"The Northern soldiers on ahead have my brother's prisoner," she said.

"Please, good General Forrest, go ahead and gain a victory and set my brother free."

The general smiled grimly at this request, which was not easily granted. He took his watch from his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully.

"It is just five minutes to eleven," he said. "Tomorrow at exactly the same time, your brother shall be returned to you."

The brave girl breathed a sigh of joy, and never for a second doubted the general's ability to keep his promise. Some of the soldiers who heard Forrest's speech started with surprise at his confidence. In a moment more Emma was on her way back home and the general and his men were galloping on to victory.

At exactly ten o'clock the next morning, after one of the bravest and most remarkable cavalry pursuits the world has ever known, General Forrest captured the entire Northern detachment in which Emma's brother was captive.

In fifty-five minutes—at exactly five minutes to eleven—the young soldier returned unharmed to his little home and to his sister who had earned his freedom.

IN HONOR OF PREMIERS. LONDON, May 27.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the other colonial premiers here to attend the Imperial Conference and the coronation ceremonies were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by the Eighty Club at the Hotel Cecil today. Mr. Lloyd George presided.

Edwin Arden has undertaken to dramatize Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Conquest of Canaan," for his own use during the coming season.

TWO HORSE OVERALLS

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TOMBSTONE NEWS

Wedding Bells.

Announcement of the wedding of H. E. Berner to Miss Jose C. Thorn was made at Phoenix Tuesday, May 16, and the happy bride and groom arrived in Tombstone on the 19th. The news of the wedding was not altogether a surprise to the groom's most intimate friends here, for he has been acting suspiciously of late. No climate seemed to agree with him so well as that of Phoenix, but really he was whispering to a fair and popular school teacher here that we have a finer climate here, and she has come to see it for herself. The contracting parties of this happy union are natives of Louisiana and it was during one of Mr. Berner's visits to the capital city that he formed the acquaintance which later ripened into love.

Mr. Berner is the efficient and capable clerk of the board of supervisors, a responsible position of official trust which he has held through several successive terms with credit and distinction, having inaugurated an advanced system of record filing and indexes for official records that is being adapted throughout the territory.

Mrs. Berner, who has conducted the Osborn schools for several years, is a lady of high attainments and occupies a prominent position in educational circles, being held in highest esteem and regard. The couple will make their home in Tombstone and a cordial reception will be given them.

Nine Pioneers Left in Tombstone.

Judge Duncan delivered his final lecture on the pioneer history of Cochise county at the Episcopal church of Cochise where he left off two weeks ago, and then he told the story of the organizing of Cochise county and the first election of officers. According to Judge Duncan there are only nine of the original pioneers of 1879 still in Tombstone. They are Ben Cook, A. L. Grow, Jim Mars, W. K. Meade, W. A. Harwood, Gus Baron, Jim Young, P. B. Warnoches and J. T. Duncan.

Afternoon Party.

A party of young ladies were invited to spend the afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Rockefeller on Saturday last and bring their sewing. Several of the young ladies have been away at school for the past year and this was a sort of reunion. They had a most enjoyable afternoon. Delicious refreshments were served. Among those present were Misses McPherson, Tracy, Axtell, Neven, English, Kinley.

Whist Club.

The Ladies' Whist club met at the home of Mrs. Rogers on the 13th of the month and last week they were entertained by Miss Williams. These are always enjoyable affairs for those who love the game. Refreshments were served.

Reading and Sewing Circle.

Miss Box entertained the club on Wednesday last. The meetings are now close and this is the last week of school and many will leave on a summer vacation. Dainty refreshments were served and after one more afternoon they will say goodbye for a while.

Social Party.

A number of the young friends of Master Joseph Bishop assembled at their pretty home on Ninth street one night last week and were highly entertained with games. Master Johnny acted as host of the occasion. The young people had a royal time. Dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. Luthy's Card Party.

Mrs. Wm. Luthy gave a very pleasant whist party on Saturday afternoon to a number of her friends. She is a most delightful hostess. Refreshments were served and a very enjoyable afternoon was had.

Personal.

The Misses Helen and Emily Axtell arrived home on Thursday from a year's visit with friends and relatives in the eastern and middle states. Although the young ladies had a delightful trip they were glad to return to their home, when spring has made trees, vines and flowers look most inviting after a frigid winter in the east.

Miss Lucy Walcott arrived from Douglas Saturday to spend a short vacation with her parents and friends. After a short rest she will go to Chicago, where she will take up an advanced course in the study of music. She will have charge of the department of music in the Douglas public schools next year.

William B. Cleary, Jr., was among the arrivals from Bisbee this week and will remain in Tombstone for a week or two as the guest of Col. H. L. Fickett.

Mrs. J. Brewer left last Thursday for Gallup, New Mexico, where she went to join her husband, who recently located in that city.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Chicago News: Stiff hats cover a multitude of soft heads.

Some dogs are pointers, but a lot more are disappointed.

The apparel of the small boy is usually a suit for damage.

Heroic measures are several sizes too large for most people.

Second thoughts are best—especially in a case of love at first sight.

People who borrow trouble usually pay it back with compound interest.

Never cross a bridge until you come to it. Then you may find it advisable to use a boat.

Follow the example of the busy bee, my son, but don't follow it too closely or you may get stung.

Many a man has made a fortune by the beginning at the bottom, after being let in on the ground floor.

A STRANGE SPECIES OF DEER.

Just above the buffet in the dining room of a Richmond house there hangs a huge, finely mounted antlered head. This trophy of the owners hunting prowess is fastened so firmly to the wall that the glistering neck seems to be coming right out through the plaster.

When a little boy from the city saw this decoration for the first time he eyed it with considerable curiosity and very evident uneasiness. It looked almost too lifelike for comfort.

Finally the youngster asked to be excused and slipped from his chair, going into the next room. He returned to the dining room flushed with embarrassment.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked his host.

"I want to see," explained the child, sheepishly, "if that animal's legs were really as long as that, if it was standing on something in the next room."

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED.

LONDON, May 27.—The sixty-fifth birthday of King George V. was officially celebrated throughout Great Britain today, although the actual anniversary does not fall until next Saturday. A profusion of flags was displayed on all public buildings and the customary salutes were fired at Windsor and in St. James park and at all the naval and military centers.

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My wife's hands were in very bad shape two years ago, before using your Liquid. She could not put her hands in water or could scarcely do any of her housework. Her hands were so raw and sore. Now since your Liquid has cured her, her hands are clear and healthy as when she was a girl—and she does all her own housework. I also had a bad case on the calves of my legs and about the knees—two bottles cured me perfectly. F. J. Bolles, 921 Ave. J, Galveston, Texas.

Skin diseases can be cured only by absolutely destroying the germs that are causing the trouble, and it takes a very powerful germicide to kill them. It must be powerful and it must be penetrating. It must get down through the skin to that myriad of germs that are feeding on the skin and tissues from underneath.

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